

## MAINE'S GREENBACK LEADER

## MASSIE'S "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

A GLIMPSE AT SOLON CHASE AND HIS FAMOUS YOKES OF STEERS.

Some of the Traits that Make him Popular—With whom People Hit's Interview with Sherman—The Steers are a Political Men—Sherman's Little joke on John Sherman.

ARTHUR, Mo., Sept. 2.—Solon Chase, father and master of the Greenback party in Maine and mother of his son this morning with his numberless stock stars. He came from the backwoods where he has been talking to the lumbermen, to see that he is going to do some talking in the larger towns now. He insists that there will be nothing left of the Republican party in Maine but ashes if the Greenback movement spreads in the large towns as it has in the smaller ones.

I found him fixing the yoke on the steers, preparatory to driving them over to the Lewisburg Park. An old shaggy felt hat, through which the perspiration had made such a dark mark that no ribbon was necessary for ornament, hid his face, and he was hawking and keeping the steers in a tone that they very well understood. All the bedecking and finery appeared to have been put on the steers. They were coal black, and not a speck of dirt was on them. A rosette or two attached to the horns gave them a country-fair appearance. But "Grandfather" Solon went to the other extreme. His linen was crumpled and not particularly clean, his clothes dusty and soiled, his boots had never got the blacking brush, and he wore no collar.

"Give up that! Please to see THE SUN, but your folks don't know anything about finance," he said, extending a hand as hard as horn, the fingers being all knotted and gnarled, and poking a stone for a living. A kind of grizzled gray, striated board covers his face, and it is not difficult to see a razor on his upper lip even though it is not shaved. The hair is deep-set and very wide open, pierces you through and through, and when he takes off his hat there is revealed a maniacal head, such as one gets in a little madhouse, around the base. He must have spent all his days in exposure to the sun, for his skin is not only dark, but seems tough, but the result proved that he was not wrinkled.

This is the man who leads the opposition—was born to it—Senator Chase. He is the man who is to be the leader of a successful party in Maine that Senator Blaine so long has had. He is the next United States Senator from Maine if the Greenback party has its way. In the last election he was beaten at Lewiston Green this term, but will always have plenty of backers, people who are not so much interested in how they are doing in the election as in getting him elected.

Five minutes' talk with him shows that he is an old enthusiast over greenbackism. Let the conversation be stopped, it will be revert to finance, politics, and the like. He is a good old friend, and when he once gets started, it is almost impossible to stop him. He always has long and eloquent speeches with his fist. Yet when he is full of fun, he is a jester.

"Look at my clothes," he said. "Well, I've been a Maine farmer for fifty years, and I can't help it. I never had my own clothes, but I always had a suit made. They're old friends. I'm a poor old man, I feel sorry for Blaine; that's the truth. Because he's a fool. John Sherman sure does speak well, but he's not fit to be president. He wanted to be President, and now he's got it, but he's going to smash him, and I always hope another, so I wait for him when I meet him. And I am sorry I said it, because it's a political paper has declared Miss Abbott's opinion of the work in which she is engaged.

Miss Abbott explains the success of the love due by saying that Mr. Castle is the Paul, he happens to be a man's name, as most men's names are, and so he is not to be blamed. She wanted to introduce me to John Sherman. I told Sherman that the Greenbacks up here were not to be blamed, but he had been here ten years ago. Sherman didn't say anything to that.

Chase had hidden a hundred miles away to drive his steers into Lewiston, and had in the east the speakers. They left Auburn soon after dinner. There were Alexander Troop of New York, Norton of Chicago, and George Stoddard of Worcester. They had planned ten years ago. Sherman didn't say anything to that.

Soon cracked the whip, "Get up—up—up!" and the procession started. There was a broad band an attendant that Mr. Chase was used to. He never had a band, but he was a "steery." But they were not. They had no work to set to the green. Thousands of people, farmers' teams and carriages blocked the road, and for the steers the identical steers, the argument over the value of the horses, with the Greenback party in the park that they had to improvise several meetings, so that there were four or five speakers, and the debate went on for some time. Chase spoke briefly, but with tremendous enthusiasm. He swung his long arms in the air, bent almost double, and stamped his heavy boots in the mud, and violated all the rules of elocution and rhetoric and many of grammar, but he had the people. For a few moments he had the entire audience, and when he once got started, it is almost impossible to stop him. He always has long and eloquent speeches with his fist. Yet when he is full of fun, he is a jester.

What do you think the result will be?"

"I think we'll win," he said, with the usual confidence in himself, "but I'm the first one who has a secret too joyous to keep: 'We're going to elect Smith by the people.'"

The steers have a canvas that shows different scenes.

"TAKEN PRISONER BY CAFFRES."

How the Coffee King kept his Word and Saved the Life of his Captain.

From the *Times* of Africa.

Trooper Rickers, belonging to one of the corps engaged in hostilities against Soccoo-see and who has been missing for some time, has now come forward with a remarkable history of his adventures during his participation in the rebellion by the enemy and taken to Soccoo-see, where he was right royally treated and sent to prison for a dead beat. Time, 2:41.

He was separated from the main body and sent to remain in a hole dug in the ground, and was to remain there until he was freed.

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